



## Service Men's Corner



### J.C.C.'s Latest Contribution

To the superstitious the number 13 means bad luck, but to Uncle Sam it means thirteen of the best fighting men available. Junior College is proud of this latest contribution, and is anxious to do all it can to help the fellows carry on. I have been delving into the important question of how to cheer up the boys. The answers to my letters all agree: "You can help us," they say, "if you do two things—Buy War Bonds and Stamps and Write!" They say this emphatically, and do it we will.

#### OUR TASKS MADE EASY

With War Bonds and Stamps constantly on sale in the main hall, that part of our task is easy. Writing, however, isn't easy because not all of us know where the boys are located. Therefore this column is being written in order to give information concerning the whereabouts of these fellows.

We know how much we miss them; they miss us just as much, and they are still interested in the college activities and what we ourselves are doing. So keep them informed by regular mail.

Write regularly to:

Pvt. Dominic Autuori  
A.A.F. T.T.C.  
914 Training Group  
Flight D  
Squadron 144  
Miami Beach, Florida

Pvt. Walter Bernaski  
58th Training Group  
Squadron 133  
Keesler Field, Mississippi

Pvt. Joseph Buckley  
Group 13 Attic  
Co. A 1st Finance Replacement  
Training Battery  
Fort Benjamin, Indiana

Pvt. Raymond Ganim, 11,112,240  
58th Training Group  
Squadron 133  
Keesler Field, Mississippi

Pvt. Burton Hoffman  
Co. A  
101 Medical Training Battalion  
Camp Robinson, Arkansas  
Third Platoon

Pvt. Gerson Kaufman  
Co. I  
12th Q.M.T.R. T.333  
Camp Lee, Virginia

Pvt. Stanley Manasevit  
Co. I  
12th Q.M.T.R. T.332  
Camp Lee, Virginia

Pvt. William S. Maraczi, 11,112,246  
58th Training Group  
Squadron 133  
Keesler Field, Mississippi

Pvt. Merrill Pollinger  
3rd Platoon  
Co. A., 28th E. T. Bn.  
Fort Leonard Wood, Md.  
U. S. Army

Pvt. Lawrence Reinstein  
Company B  
First Signal Training Group  
Fort Monmouth, New Jersey

Pvt. Harry Riley  
Squadron A  
33rd Training Group  
Jefferson Barracks, Missouri

Pvt. Edward Schneider  
Co. I  
12th Q.M.T.R. T.333  
Camp Lee, Virginia

Pvt. Julian Sohon 11,112,250  
58th Training Group  
Keesler Field, Mississippi

#### FROM PRIVATE LIVES

Schneider and Kaufman are basking in the sunny south. Even the Gay Deceivers look good to the boys now. Are you kidding, fellows?

Julian Sohon is temporarily confined to a hospital bed and a pretty army nurse. But you can't keep a good man down, especially with everyone at J.C.C. rooting for his quick recovery.

Ray "Beans" Ganim in Miss. with "Chick" is the "Kid Dynamo" himself. Contrary to reports, Wanis has things well under control, even the itchy underwear.

Burt Hoffman is a member of the Medical Corps in Arkansas. Now the nurses will have to run for cover.

Harry Riley is at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. It's a good thing that J.C.C.'s men are tough because J. B. is no playground; it is reputedly one of the toughest spots in the country.

Manasevit is also enjoying the sunny weather down in Virginia. The ingredients in the food aren't agreeable to "M's" taste.

All is peace and good will in Eco. since "little Pollinger" left. Now, let him tell it to his sergeant.

Joe "Accounting Whiz" Buckley, is sadly needed in said class. We miss Joe whizzing by in his little wagon, especially the little brunette who now has to take a bus.

The students in Spanish bewail the absence of "Rin Tin Tin" Reinstein. Even Prof. Zampiere misses his little protege.

Bill "Blondie" Maraczi is working hard trying to convince his sergeant that it isn't his fault his corpuscles can't make up their mind which foot is right and which is left.

Dominic Autuori can't decide whether those things on his feet are boats or barges.

(Continued on page 4)

## Faculty Wives Weighed and Found Regular

### Spaghetti, Charades

The party given for the girls by the faculty women was a conspicuous social success. After filling up on spaghetti, the girls and the wives retired to the parlor, where they played charades, under the capable supervision of Mrs. Chamberlain. Some of the formations were exceedingly peculiar. First prize went to a group which, headed by Phyllis Macalaster, impersonated sailors in a boat.

Later in the evening the girls dragged out the boogie-woogie and turned the party into a jive session. On the whole, however, they behaved like little ladies, as we who have seen them in more informal moments in the locker room can testify. Percy Anderson, who has always wanted to see what a professor's wife looks like, now knows. (They look just like anybody else, Percy, although you wouldn't think so to look at some of the profs.) We can imagine, at any rate, what the profs said, or thought, when their wives got home and told them what sweet, well-mannered young things the Junior College girls were.

### GIRLS TO "RETALIATE"

Always grateful for a good time, the girls have decided to retaliate in kind by giving an informal party for the faculty women. The great event, under the inspired auspices of Marie Toth, is to take place on Sunday, May 2, at (you've guessed it) Wistaria Hall. Evelyn Smith and Phyllis Macalaster are in charge of the decorations. The general theme is going to be spring, and we certainly hope that mother nature will finally get her seasons straight and blossom forth. Light colored bunnies are going to be placed around the rooms, and violets are to be on every table. Christine Dionis and Carlye Hayes are arranging the entertainment, which is to be graced by song and music. Jane Calkins, Priscilla Anderson, and Betty Painter will sing, and Tania von York will play. Norma Watson and Evelyn Halper are in charge of refreshments. Sandwiches, cookies, and tea will be served. To facilitate recognition, everyone will be asked to wear her name on a slip of paper pinned to her dress.

### MUSIC APPRECIATION CLUB ORGANIZED

It turns out that there is an element of seriousness underneath all that jitter-jiving. In response to a genuine show of interest in classical music, the Music Appreciation Club has been organized, with the blessings of President Cortright, Mrs. Decker, and Dr. Goulding. The club meets weekly at Wistaria Hall and listens to recordings of classical masterpieces. Last Friday the program consisted of the playing of Russian folk music, not classical masterpieces, by any means, but interesting as an indication of what the Russians are doing.

## School Notes

### Living India

At the assembly on April 14, Ramkrishna Shahu Modak and his wife, Manorama Modak, from Ahmednagar, India, gave a colorful costume portrayal of "Living India." Mr. Modak is a Christian minister in his native land, a member of the district school board, and a judge of the criminal court. Mrs. Modak, an American, a graduate of Oberlin College, is engaged in social and educational work in the United States and India.

During the enjoyable and instructive program Mr. Modak demonstrated Hindu and Mohamedan worship and performed a Hindu marriage ceremony with our own Carmen Tortora and Evelyn Smith. Mrs. Modak showed table etiquette. Incidentally both guests gave glimpses of Indian thought and culture.

Enthusiasm ran high enough to impel many of the audience to buy Indian rings, bracelets, or vases.

### Charter Day

In honor of Charter Day, May 5, a special assembly is being planned by President Cortright and the Faculty Women's Club.

### Library Society

The Library Society is discussing plans for a program to commemorate Hitler's burning of the books on May 10, 1938. The program will form the major portion of the annual meeting of the Society, which must be held in May. There is no more fitting occasion for the Society to reaffirm its faith and to restate its avowed purpose of helping to build and preserve a library.

### Picnic for Sophs

At a meeting of Freshman class officers Howard McLaughlin, president, appointed Ann Delano and Irving Poliner to serve as co-chairmen of a committee to plan a picnic in honor of the Sophomore class. The picnic is to be given sometime in May. Further arrangements are to be discussed at a future meeting.

### Phi Theta Kappa Elections

At a recent meeting, the members of Phi Theta Kappa elected two new members, Evelyn Halper and Marion Lamson. The initiation will be held shortly after vacation.

### TWENTY-ONE HONORED The Old Familiar Faces

Dean Clarence Ropp has just published the names of those students who during the first half of the second have made honors.

The Scribe joins in extending congratulations to the following nineteen who have a program of fifteen hours or more: Jean Barron, Lucy Brennan, Alys Carroll, Nancy Coleman, Shirley Danenberg, Ann Delano, Barbara El-dredge, Rashi Fein, Evelyn Halper, Marion Lamson, Shirley Marglis, Howard McLaughlin, Dorothy Onofrey, Mary Onofrey, Muriel Rodman, Evelyn Smith, Alice Tarini, Pearl Vavrek, Tania von York. Two others, Marion Cataldo and Mary Delano, who have a program under fifteen hours, have also been elected to honors.



# THE SCRIBE

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## COOPERATION OR IMPERIALISM

Mrs. Luce spun a fine web of silver oratory in her globaloney address. She even coined a new expression—quite an achievement, for a freshman in Congress. When the romance of her phraseology evaporates, however, we are forced to look in a critical way upon the substance of her ideas; and we do not find them good.

Boiled down to ordinary English, those beautiful words say in effect that we must abandon all hope for international cooperation and embark upon a policy of economic imperialism—America First, and the Devil take the rest of the world. This, according to Mrs. Luce, is the realistic thing to do, human nature being what it is.

Economic imperialism has been tried before and has been found wanting. The inescapable fact is that if we are to have a machine economy which bridges the distances of the world and creates contact between nations, then those nations had better learn to get along as neighbors or take the consequences in wars of increasing magnitude. International interdependence is an accomplished fact. The only choice which lies with us is whether we will accept the fact that we are not alone on the planet, or whether we will continue to fight over who gets the potatoes until we are reduced to a state of primitive tribalism. Make no mistake; we will continue to fight as long as political organization is restricted to the field of selfish nationalism.

International cooperation does not imply lack of patriotism, unless you confuse patriotism with flag-waving. On the contrary, it is because we love our country, with all that it stands for in ideal and principle, that we want to insure its continued existence and progress. The essence of progress is a forward movement toward goals in accordance with realities, not a reversion to ancestral traditions which fail to stand up when seen in historical perspective. Economic imperialism is one of the world's most disastrous failures. Shall we go back to it simply because we lack the courage and foresight to try something entirely new?

As long as the nations of the world must, figuratively speaking, cultivate the same potato patch, then it is to their mutual advantage to make some provision for sharing the potatoes, imperfect and unequal though the sharing may be. The realistic thing to do is to open our eyes to the fact that all nations which are tied together under the modern economic system are in the same boat—and they must learn to pull together if they are to keep it floating.

## KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE

Well, they've gone. And if you don't think we miss them, you just don't think. Hoffman's grin, Manasevit's contributions in public speaking class, or, for that matter, in any class, Polinger's incessant comments in history—we could go on in this vein ad infinitum. And Ganim, who made the Scribe go round . . . the editorial staff hereby confesses that it feels as if it has been beheaded.

We're going to carry on without them as best we can. Carrying on has always been the job of those who have been left at home. Those fellows represent the best in Junior College. Let's stop in our work once in a while to give them credit, and then let us go on, with their example before us.

## Thumb-nail Sketches

Alexander Zimmer

An Open Letter—

Dear Sandy:

We think you're a swell guy, see? We like you and we hate to see you go. There was no need to bully us into writing a thumbnail for you. Don't you think we'd be delighted to give you a rousing send-off? Big publicity about "hail fellow, well met" and all that? Have everyone shaking your hand until it is too numb to hold a rifle and wishing you luck in Army life? Sure we'd like to, because that was our intention in the first place.

Why, you can't imagine what a campaign we had all mapped out for you. A Hollywood build-up as JCC's Glamour Boy. The Beau Brummel of Bridgeport. Snapshots of you at your daily routines, like polishing up boff-apples. There you'd be sitting on a mountain of big, red boff-apples, a cloth in one hand, an apple in the other, and an intense expression on your face as you shine away. We had the caption all figured out, to read, "Alexander Zimmer, Boff-Apple Keep-

er, Takes Job Seriously." Another picture of you, flanked (on either side) by a bevy of JCC beauties as you walk down Fairfield Avenue toward Landy's. They'd be very admiring and you'd be very bored. A natural for this title, "Sultan Zimmer Takes Harem Out for an Airing and Cokes."

So you see, Sandy, we never for a moment stopped thinking of your interests. Everything was arranged, and all were waiting for the right opportunity. But then you had to come along and spoil your own glory. Now we'll never tell a soul how hard you worked as the biz manager of the Scribe and what a swell job you did as co-manager of the basketball team last season. And we'll keep it a secret about how your heart throbs for a little Boston gal who resides at Wistaria Hall. Do you think we are going to spill the beans about what a jitterbug you are and how much you like jump bands, Jimmie Lunceford, for instance, but pretty soon you won't be having any time to dance and get in the groove because you expect to enter the Army Air Force as an Aviation Cadet? We're no fools, not after what you did to us.

However, Sandy, we aren't really a hard-hearted bunch. We like to see a good guy get ahead, and if you'll be reasonable, we're perfectly willing to come to terms. We'll consent to give you the most sensational write-up in the world, have people flocking to see you, the Bridgeport Boy Who Made Good and JCC's Pride and Joy. When you're gone, we'll keep a beacon shining in the Scribe cubbyhole window for you night and day!

Ye editors.

P.S. Give our regards to all of JCC's wandering boys.

## SZIGETI ADMIRER FOR TECHNICAL SKILL

We heard Szigeti at the Klein on the 22nd of March. He played with his characteristic delicacy and technical proficiency. His playing left the audience admiring but unmoved.

The choice of selections in the program was apparently made for the opportunity which they afforded for technical display, rather than for their musical content. Even the Bach Chaconne (and we certainly have no quarrel with Bach) seemed to serve as a foil for Mr. Szigeti's unquestioned mastery over the technical intricacies of performance. It was, in other words, more Szigeti than Bach. In the last part of the program, Szigeti relaxed to the extent of rendering Schostakovitch's Polka from the Golden Age, Stravinsky's dance from Petrushka, and one of Dvorak's Slavonic dances. But even here the impression was that we were hearing a technician rather than a musician—and the two are not synonymous.

We strongly deprecate the tendency of many performers to assume that people go to a concert to see sleight-of-hand. They go to hear good music, and the technique of performance is a factor only in so far as it is conducive to the proper emotional interpretation. Music, being a form of emotional expression, demands feeling and the ability to communicate emotional tone to the audience.

## SOUL'S AWAKENING BIGOSH

I went to J.C.C. one year to get an education,  
 And, student-like, I spent my days in restful meditation  
 Upon the mysteries of life and wondrous ways of science,  
 And thoughts of men who based their views on manly self-reliance.  
 Within my mind there newly flows the wisdom of the ages;  
 My moral percepts have been changed by the New England sages;  
 The transcendental countryside has been infused with meaning;  
 And I can see the over-soul his gaudy feathers preening,  
 As, eagle-like, he wheels his way from out the fragrant valley  
 And comes, a realist, to rest behind the garbage alley.  
 I comb my stark environment in search of motivation  
 And look my neurones in the face with growing consternation,  
 While my receptors fight it out in ill-concealed elation.  
 I learned that what I thought was love is an unlearned reaction,  
 Combined with fallacies and based on physical attraction;  
 The aim of marriage is to serve the ends of reproduction,  
 Increase the population, and accomplish race destruction,  
 And morons should be sterilized for social reconstruction.  
 The business cycle is produced by solar radiation;  
 Collective bargaining will solve the problems of the nation,—  
 More marginal consumption will improve the situation.  
 The governmental system needs a thorough overhauling;  
 Its flagrant inefficiencies are thoroughly appalling.  
 We didn't have to go to school to come to that conclusion:  
 Just watch the daily papers for congressional confusion.  
 Confusion is the proper note for us to sound at parting—  
 Our education isn't done—just think—it's only starting.



## Gas House

Greetings, guys and gals! Here we are back again with another edition.

Hear tell that MARGE SHUK corresponds with HARRY HELYER, that handsome blonde now in the Army Air Corps . . . Just what does PEDERSEN have to say when he gets together with GLORIA IODICE for a fatherly chat? (Now they call them fatherly?) . . . PRISSEY WRIGHT has a jeweled frat pin. Could it be that her Marty Levine from New Rochelle gave it to her? We are still wondering. Marty was down last week-end . . . It's swell to have BOBBY BELLEN back in school, even though she's still on crutches.

Here are some of the highlights of "LITTLE CHUM" SMITH'S wine party honoring the E.R.C. boys who were called to active service: NORMA "DAHLING" WATSON is a firm believer in the Anglo-American Alliance. The link was an accent known as "BIG STOOP." His theme song was "Where's My True Love?" . . . Three bells to "SLEEPY" POLINER for his heroic bit of acting. The only flaw was the little matter of a too masculine hairdo. Sorry he couldn't help out NORM . . . "RED" LAWLOR rendered his version of the "Volga Boat Song" with sound effects by GANIM, and accompaniment by CHIC (HOSE) SOHON on the harmonica . . . GERSE KAUFMAN bee-lined for BESS PETERSON even though he had another babe with him. We saw you at the station, GARY GERSE! . . . STAN MANASEVIT'S attempts to hypnotize modest HOWIE McLAUGHLIN were nil, as HOWIE had one too many pepsi's. So "never say die" MANASEVIT turned to "SLEEPING SLEEPY" POLINER and on him it was good . . . SHIRLEY

DANENBERG and her FRANK were oh-so-oh!!! . . . ETHEL "LIFE OF THE PARTY" KRAMER made everyone feel at home and saw to it that all her little "Matzo Balls" had fun . . . MERTON LIEFF, the subject of "Merty is a Friend of Mine", is BESS PETERSON'S big brother for the duration. He saw to it that her convoy made no detours on the way home.

SOPHIA COCLIN, that little bit of Southern Hospitality, is pining away for her soldier boy, RAY. She's true (unusual for a J.C.C. lass, n'est-ce pas?) . . . GANIM'S letter to Kramer and family was, if nothing else, very, very informative. It was read aloud in Spanish class, and Prof's ears started to sizzle.

. . . The romance of MURIEL RODMAN and BOB JENNINGS has gone "on the rocks" . . . Ditto MILLIE HLEVA and GEORGE KREGLING. MURIEL's big moment is in the Army Air Corps at Miami Beach . . . MARION CATALDO is expecting an engagement ring for Easter from her New Yorker.

We should like to know who MISS HIMICH'S friend is. We are still curious, MISS H . . . Ask "CARLYE" HAYES about her Indian Parks . . . Why does EMMY GREGORI trot to New York every Wednesday afternoon? Could it be a female . . . Petite MARY ANN ONOFREY hen-pecks her younger sister, DOT, who towers above her. . . Best idea of the season: Let's give a boggapple away with every defense stamp sold! . . . We like the cards that POPEY makes for her sick friend. . . "THE GAY DECEIVERS are expanding"; this was MARIE TOTH'S presidential message to the members of the club.

CHRIS DIONIS is looking for the person who has been using her one dollar cold cream. She claims that when she used the cheaper variety nobody ever bothered with it. The crust of some people! . . . JANE DIONIS has been missing some of her toothpaste. You babes who are doing this borrowing, at least have the decency to put it back where you found it!

ROSE O'COHEN'S (We are kiddin', we mean COHEN) favorite man is at Fort Bragg. Some of the letters!? 'Nuff said! . . . GORGE-GEORGAS has sworn in the locker room that she doesn't love her Lou. Ask BARBARA BELLEN what she thinks.

Now that SANDY ZIMMER is also headed for the army, he has relinquished his position as chief boffkeeper to MERT LIEFF. He tried to pass it off onto LENNY GORDON, but Lenny said no. It is quite a job keeping track of the "orphans" and he's spent one semester with them already.

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PERCY'S JOE is stationed at Camp Pickett, Virginia . . . Who's that cute little sailor boy that RITA LANCELOT has been sporting around town? Rita's roommate EVELYN RINES is carrying on her USO romance through correspondence . . . TARINI does it again! ! Straight A's for J.C.C.'s favorite brain child . . . ZOLAN, of the team UNGER and ZOLAN, Abbott and Costello's rivals, was yelling for an oxygen tent while his erstwhile partner, Unger, was choking to death in economics. No doubt it was something Prof said which brought on spasm . . . All POPE needs for her CHARLIE now is a dog leash . . . Since BARBARA ZEHNDER'S trip to the fortune teller, her fortune has improved . . . CARMEN "ATLAS" TORTORA'S attempts to issue orders to the fellows at the "Y" were a farce. Carmen talked and the boys stood. Next week the boys are going to get outdoor exercise and a chance to give their goosepimples an airing. . . Who pushed the lockers against No. 7, imprisoning "RED" LAWLOR? Then Red saw red.



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**HOWLAND'S**



## SPORTS AND NOISE

A. Howard McLaughlin

Junior College's miseries in basketball are at an end. After squeezing through a short regular season with four wins and three defeats, the cagers entered the City Open and Y.M.C.A. Invitation Tournaments. The Orcutt Sheltons proved to be far out of our lowly class trouncing us by the score of 55 to 22. The final death notice came when we dropped a decision to the Remington All-Stars 33 to 26. The play in this final encounter was something terrible, and by the way the collegians played, they deserved to lose to a club they should be able to beat everyday and twice on Sunday. Oh, well, we had fun, and the sweaters are very nice anyway.

The last bit of noise concerning basketball comes from the manager, coach, captain, star, and sponsor of Carmen's Cubs. Ah, yes, good old "C.T." as he is called in his own little business world. This fellow has a group of five 4 F's that he calls a basketball team, capable, he feels, of licking the best Lockwood's Lions are capable of dishing out. In the first rugby, Tortora's Terribles won 100 to 98 as Lockwood read an interesting bit of news on the "Y" bulletin board. In the next encounter, a much calmer and more scientific game, the better team, the Lions of course, ran away with the victory even though they used only four men. The score in this

game was 100 to 78 after the score was tied at 68-all. If Cliff's crew wins the next time, Tortora's pants should be flown from the flagpole instead of being hung from a lowly light in the corridor as they were the other day.

Since Ray Ganim started regulating the fortunes of the American people as a buck private, the locker roomers have not heard any more of those sweet melodies issuing from the vocal chords of Ed (Hotfoot) Lawlor. Of course, Red has become a bit wary of those in the hole and methinks that he does not trust those peaceful, innocent, and unappreciated children.

The hit of the month in the locker room seems to be Marty Unger's rendition of anything, especially the tailor act; that is, when he can pull himself away from that interesting little red book by his favorite author, J. B. Conant!

Looking ahead, we see another baseball season beginning, one that will really tell if Abner Doubleday's innovation will remain as the national pastime. It looks as if Tuesday afternoons will be busy ones at the college as far as the game goes. Quite a few of the fellows are interested in playing, whether it is hard or softball, and it wouldn't be a bad idea at all to organize some sort of a league here in the school to continue through until the end of the school year.

Here's hoping that the 1943 season will run its full course and that there will be the regular World Series this coming fall.

## SERVICE MEN'S CORNER

(Continued from page 1)

Walt Bernaski can't decide whether to do it the hard way and be a sergeant or give them a break and accept an old captaincy.

## OTHERS WHO HONOR US

George Adamchak will enter the Army Air Corps on April 19 and will be missed by all who got to know him at the school.

William F. MacDonnell, '39, whose home is in Thomaston, Connecticut, reported for Naval Aviation Flight Training at R.P.I., Troy, New York, on March 3.

Deep in the Heart of Texas resides Pvt. Irving Herman, whose exact address is C.O.C. 386 Infantry APO 445, Camp Swift, Texas. Irv. has shipped up some verse that we think is pretty good. Just to prove that, regardless of the situation, the many talents of J.C.C. students are constantly cropping up. "Men of the Infantry" is being printed in the camp newspaper, and at this writing Irv. is hard at work putting it into a song. The fellows at his camp are already singing it.

## "MEN OF THE INFANTRY"

We are all men of the Infantry,  
We fight on land and not the sea,

To protect all those who love liberty,  
We are as strong as might can be,  
For we are known as the Infantry.

We give our lives, as soldiers do  
To bring peace and happiness to all  
of you,  
Though we never falter, we never fail,  
We hope soon to end this assail.

We know that victory's in sight at last  
And we're all working hard to complete the task,  
Our job is tough, but we never fear,  
As long as we're able to cherish something dear.

Each night we pray tomorrow may bring

The end of all these terrible things,  
So we may be able to come home at last

And live in peace like all the rest,  
For we are the soldiers who are to be  
The Fighting Men of the Infantry.

## WANTED

Anyone who has any ability in salesmanship and who is anxious to put some of it to use should see the editors of the Scribe. We are interested in finding some ladies and gentlemen to be members of the business staff. It's a good opportunity to get some helpful experience. Don't delay!

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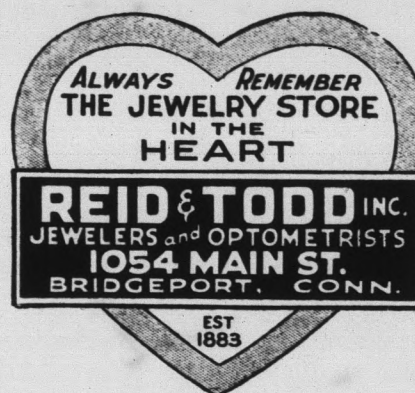
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24 inches size. Brown, blue, green or red predominating.

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